10 11630. b. 3 7

THE DISCOVERY,

AN

ODE

To Mr. P****M.

Vir bonus est Quis? HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-street* in the *Strand*. 1752.

[Price Six-pence.]

THE

DISCOVERY,

AN

ODE

To Mr. P****M.

Vir bonus et Sapiens. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for PAUL VARILLAT, facing Southampton-Street
in the Strand. 1752.

[Price Sixpence.]

THE DISCOVERY, AN ODE.

I.

TAKE Wing, my Muſe! from Shore to Shore
Fly, and that happy Place explore
Where *Virtue* deigns to dwell;
If yet ſhe treads on *Britiſh* Ground,
Where can the Fugitive be found,
In City, Court, or Cell?

II.

II.

Not *there*, where Wine and frantic Mirth,
Unite the ſenſual Sons of Earth,
In Pleaſure's thoughtleſs Train;
Nor yet where Sanctity's a Show,
Where Souls nor Joy nor Pity know,
For human Bliſs or Pain.

III.

Her ſocial Heart alike diſowns,
The Race, who ſhuning Crowds and Thrones,
In Shades ſequeſter'd doze;
Whoſe Sloth no generous Care can wake,
Who rot like Weeds on Lethe's *Lake*
In ſenſeleſs, vile, Repoſe.

IV.

IV.

With theſe ſhe ſhuns the factious Tribe,
Who ſpurn the yet unoffer'd Bribe,
And at Corruption lour;
Waiting till Diſcord, *Havock cries*,
In Hopes, like *Cataline*, to riſe,
On Anarchy to Power!

V.

Ye *Wits* who boaſt from ancient Times,
A Right divine to ſcourge our Crimes,
Is it with you ſhe reſts?
No—Int'reſt, Slander are your Views,
And *Virtue* now with every Muſe
Flies your unhallowed Breaſts.

VII.

There was a Time, I heard her say,
Ere Females were seduc'd by Play,
When Beauty was her Throne;
But now, where dwelt the soft Desires,
The Furies light forbidden Fires,
To *Love* and *Her* unknown.

VII.

From these th'indignant Goddess flies,
And where the Spires of Science rise,
A while suspends her Wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the Air,
And poisoning ev'ry Spring.

VIII.

Long through the Sky's wide pathleſs Way
The Muſe obſerv'd the Wanderer ſtray,
And mark'd her laſt Retreat;
O'er *Surry*'s barren Heaths ſhe flew,
Deſcending like the ſilent Dew
On *Eſher*'s peaceful Seat.

IX.

THERE ſhe beholds the gentle *Mole*,
His penſive Waters calmly roll,
Amidſt *Elyſian* Ground;
There thro' the Windings of the Grove,
She leads her Family of Love,
And ſtrews her Sweets around.

X.

I hear her bid the *Daughters* fair
Oft to yon gloomy Grott repair,
Her ſecret Steps to meet;
Nor thou, ſhe cries, theſe Shades forſake,
But come, lov'd Conſort, come and make
The Husband's Bliſs compleat.

XI.

Yet not too much the ſoothing Eaſe
Of rural Indolence ſhall pleaſe
My *P****m*'s ardent Breaſt;
The Man whom *Virtue* calls her own
Muſt ſtand the Pillar of a Throne
And make a Nation bleſt.

XII.

XII.

*P****m!* 'tis thine with temp'rate Zeal
To guard *Britannia's* public Weal,
Attack'd on every Part;
Her fatal Discords to compose,
Unite her Friends, disarm her foes,
Demands thy Head and Heart.

XIII.

When bold Rebellion shook the Land,
Ere yet from *William's* dauntless Hand
Her barbarous Army fled;
When Valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy Voice expiring *Credit* heard,
And rais'd her languid Head.

XVI.

Now by Thy ſtrong aſſiſting Hand,
Fix'd on the Rock I ſee her ſtand,
Againſt whoſe ſolid Feet
In vain, through every future Age,
The loudeſt, moſt tempeſtuous Rage
Of angry War ſhall beat.

XVI.

And grieve not if the Sons of Strife
Attempt to cloud thy ſpotleſs Life,
And ſhade its brighteſt Scene;
Wretches, by Kindneſs unſubdu'd,
Who ſee, who ſhare the common Good,
Yet cavil at the Means.

XVI.

Like theſe, the metaphyſic Crew,
Proud to be ſingular and new,
Think all they ſee, Deceit;
Are warm'd and cheriſh'd by the Day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly Ray,
Yet doubt of Light and Heat.

11. 7. 49

F I N I S.

XVI.

Like these, the metaphysic Crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see, Deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the Day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly Ray,
Yet doubt of Light and Heat.

FINIS.